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JULY 21, 1880.

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Suck

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



## THE DEMOCRATIC STARVELING.

"Forty Days! Bosh! I've starved for twenty years and am still alive!"



## PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,  
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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 at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

## PUCK ON WHEELS! IS OUT.

That is, the first edition is, pretty nearly. We mention  
 this fact only to call attention to four or five little matters,  
 on all which we desire to have our position clearly  
 understood.

## I.

### PUCK ON WHEELS!

is the HANDSOMEST, BEST AND BRIGHTEST  
 SUMMER BOOK EVER ISSUED. This is a trade-  
 mark, protected, not by the government, but by the super-  
 lative excellence of the work itself.

## II.

### PUCK ON WHEELS!

is, from cover to cover, WHOLLY ORIGINAL—no  
 reprint—everything new, bright and brilliant.

## III.

### PUCK ON WHEELS!

is profusely illustrated—not too profusely; but with artis-  
 tic profusion—none the less artistic because profuse, and  
 none the less profuse because artistic. This happy  
 medium has been reached by the united efforts of Messrs.  
 Keppler, Wales and Oppen.

## IV.

### PUCK ON WHEELS!

costs 25 cents, and is worth Twenty-five bar'ls of money,  
 double-Tilden-regulation size.

## V.

### PUCK ON WHEELS!

is riding a Bicycle of our own private patent: and we  
 want no remarks about it.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

DR. TANNER'S poor little attempt at  
 a fast is insignificant beside the twenty-  
 years abstinence from political pap of  
 that dual party that is half swell and half slog-  
 ger. Twenty long years has it wandered lonely  
 and hungry around the public crib, close locked  
 and barred. Twenty long years of hunger  
 and cold! Twenty long years of bitter hatred  
 and envy of the favored rival, feasting at ease!  
 Twenty years of disgraceful exile from all that  
 makes political life worth living! That was  
 hard, was it not? How did it come about?  
 Listen:

Forty years ago—as the stage-folks say when  
 they bring their chairs down C., and begin to  
 tell how the villainy commenced—forty years  
 ago, this nation was complacently admiring it-  
 self in the mirror of vanity, and thinking itself  
 the greatest and best and wisest of nations—  
 the most dangerous thing a nation can possibly  
 do. Then arose a few long-haired men—Bos-  
 ton transcendentalists, small journalists, peri-  
 patetic chiropodists—all sorts of queer *ists* of  
 the various *isms*, who called the attention of  
 the nation to many unpleasant facts. They  
 said that it was shameful to allow the keeping  
 of slaves in a free nation; that one section of  
 the country was growing by far too arrogant  
 and selfish; that a house divided against itself  
 will surely fall; that in money-getting and  
 money-saving Americans were losing the sense  
 of right and justice and self-respect.

Then the long-haired men were hooted at  
 and hissed and stoned and imprisoned, up  
 North: and down South they were tarred and  
 feathered, ridden on rails, shot—by the Conser-  
 vative portion of the people. And still they  
 thrived and grew. Others who were not long-  
 haired joined them. By-and-by they grew to  
 be a party—then to be the ruling party in the  
 land; called first the Abolition and then the  
 Republican party. Meanwhile their troubles  
 never ceased. They were not stoned and shot,  
 beaten and imprisoned so much as before; but  
 everything that social exile and systematic in-  
 sult could do to discourage them was done—by  
 the Conservatives. Everything that they had  
 predicted came to pass. The stain of slavery  
 grew too great for humanity to blink at any  
 longer; though the Conservatives thought it  
 still quite a divine institution. The insolent  
 States whose law was their own folly rose against  
 the covenant of the Union—and the Conserva-  
 tives said: "Let them go in peace."

But the Republican party had grown strong  
 enough now to take care of itself and the na-  
 tion too—and it did both. A horrible civil  
 war followed; and through five years the Re-  
 publican party fought for the life of the Union,  
 friendless and alone. Where were the Conser-  
 vatives? Some fighting on the side of the  
 rebels: more staying at home, under the pro-  
 tection of the Union government, whose influ-  
 ence they tried to weaken by secret intrigue or  
 open indifference. At last the war ended, and  
 then came a long period during which the  
 chivalrous southrons, who had amused them-  
 selves by sticking Yankee skulls on their tent-  
 pegs, had to be carefully "reconstructed"—a  
 process made in nowise easier by the interfe-  
 rence of the Conservatives, who wanted to have  
 them fed on turtle-soup from a golden spoon.  
 Then came the Union, as we have it now; and  
 the advent of a small pack of idiots who nearly  
 bankrupted the nation by trying to debase its  
 currency—with the aid of the Conservatives,  
 otherwise called the Democratic Party.

Here you have the reason why the Demo-  
 cratic Party has been forced to undergo this  
 severe regimen. It has deserved nothing better  
 for forty years; and thoughtful men must hesi-  
 tate even now to place it again in power, al-  
 though, for once in a way, it has come forward  
 with a candidate who is, personally, a worthier  
 man than his opponent. The opponent repre-  
 sents a principle which we can't very well  
 afford to snub, after it has inspired a patriotism  
 that has kept the nation alive and free through  
 her time of trouble. This is all elementary,  
 perhaps, and may savor of ancient history;  
 but it is much more healthy food for the young  
 voter than the subtle refinements of partisan  
 sophistry; or the clamor about ephemeral trif-  
 fles that makes people forget old and undying  
 truths.

It is a curious thing that the super-calendered  
 civilization of the nineteenth century has pro-  
 duced a class of people who, while they have  
 apparently no objection to capital punishment  
 in the abstract, yet oppose it vigorously in the  
 concrete. The people who say that no man  
 should be hanged are quite comprehensible;  
 they have some law and logic on their side;  
 their faith is, at least, consistent and defensible.  
 But the men who have no fight with the gallows  
 until it comes to be used are *not* comprehen-  
 sible. One man, of course, is very likely to hold  
 views of this sort—the man for whom the instru-  
 ment is erected—but the natural supposition is  
 that the feeling would be confined to him, or at  
 least to those intimately interested in him.

Yet, every time that an execution is threat-  
 ened, a horde of morbid idiots arise and make  
 themselves ridiculous in a vain attempt to beg  
 the culprit off. They find extenuating circum-  
 stances that no one else can see; they cry for  
 mercy to the individual, oblivious of justice to  
 the public; they drive the Governor of the  
 State half-wild with their pestilent supplica-  
 tions, and then they abuse him like a pick-  
 pocket when he does his duty and upholds the  
 course of the law.

We have seen one example of this business  
 lately in the case of the poor black devil who  
 was hanged for a murder which he no doubt  
 sincerely repented; but which none the less  
 deserved the extreme punishment of the law.  
 Everybody was sorry for the wretch; but it was  
 no question of sorrow or sympathy. The law  
 had one means—and one only—of making the  
 man's fate a warning to other evil-doers. It  
 was not done by way of vengeance; it was not  
 done from private spite: it was done seriously,  
 thoughtfully, sadly, to accomplish a great end  
 of public policy—and the man who raised his  
 voice against it raised his voice in behalf of  
 Crime.

Yet there were plenty to do it—and the  
 most of these, unhappily, were clergymen, who  
 of all others should keep their hands clean in  
 matters like these. If the Church does not up-  
 hold morality, it has no right to exist; and one  
 would think that a minister of the gospel would  
 have at least the tact and good sense to hold  
 his profession free from any taint of unholy  
 sympathy with license or crime. Yet too many  
 of the cloth have mixed themselves up with the  
 morbid sentimentalists who thus insult the dig-  
 nity of the law—not this time only; but on  
 many occasions before—notably when the  
 drunken brute, Foster, was punished for a crime  
 that was but a natural result of unbridled pas-  
 sions and dissolute ways.

If this is all to be repeated when Balbo, the  
 wife-murderer, comes to be hanged, it may cause  
 serious trouble. Balbo's case is likely to excite  
 much more of this illogical pity than Cox's.  
 There are extenuating circumstances, in his  
 ignorance, in his jealousy—which was, perhaps,  
 just—in his fierce, brute-like rage, a hereditary  
 and national curse. But Balbo must be hanged,  
 for the good of the people. He represents a  
 class of Italians who have defied the law for  
 years. They beat, they stab, they kill, in their  
 low haunts in the dark quarters of the city; and  
 it has hitherto been impossible to secure con-  
 viction of any one of them, so leagued and  
 banded together are they; so ready—almost as  
 ready as the petitionary sentimentalists—to  
 shield crime at any cost. Balbo's death will  
 give them a wholesome shock of fright. Will  
 they find allies among good citizens and the  
 clergy to save them and him?

## COME DOWN WITH THE CASH.

IT is an expensive business, electing a President of the United States—it is expensive even to try to elect one.

Why it is expensive may be seen at a glance. Each party must put a vast amount of money where it will do the most good in the way of inducing the independent voter to come down from the lofty fence of neutrality, and cast his little ballot for the salvation of the country. Then the campaign "organs" need oiling and tuning with unpleasant frequency. Then the Republican party needs a full stock of Southern outrages, which come pretty expensive just now. And the Democrats need money to send telegrams all over the world to get denials from all the public men who may have written Hancock's orders.

Altogether, it is clear, a Presidential campaign can be conducted only on a cash basis. Pledges and promises are all well enough; but they pass current only in the rural regions, and among small politicians of more ambition than business ability. Even the despised trade-dollar is a better legal tender. Many prominent political concerns have refused to accept this style of currency. Mr. Kelly, the principal of the Tammany Hall Mercantile Association, will, we believe, have nothing to do with credit proposals in any form.

Cash is needed: and the business of collection is already going on briskly. Mr. Marshall Jewell has charge of the Republican hat; and Mr. William H. Barnum is gathering in the Democratic Bar's.

As usual, the Republicans have much the best time of it. You see, everything has been systematized and put-in working-order during their twenty years of office. When that old white hat of the Ex-P. M.'s goes round, the money begins to flow with a beautiful promptitude. There are no soreheads, no independent organizations, no "local" guerillas where that venerable tile wanders on its financial mission. Every office-holder drops the tithe of his monthly wage—or the quarter, it may be—into the party receptacle. It amounts to an insurance on his political life. He knows that his little cent of tribute goes to make up the millions for defence of the association of patriots who appointed him. So the silver-tongued Jewell has comparatively an easy job of it. It may cost the poor department clerk a pang to take out a quarter of the poor little sum that just keeps decent clothes on his wife and children, and pays for his noonday sandwich; but the twenty-five per cent must come, and there's an end of it. And the sleek, white-haired Chairman goes on his way smiling blandly.

As to our poor friends the Democrats, they have a far harder financial road to travel. The various bar's are scattered, and it is hard to get them together. There is a lack of party-feeling among the bar'l owners. They are inclined to hold their property for their own private and personal use. They are not doing any self-sacrificing business they are not, so to speak, in the Roman Capitalist line. Far from it. Mr. Payne has a bar'l, and Mr. Jewett has a bar'l; but Mr. Payne's bar'l is for Mr. Payne, and Mr. Jewett's bar'l is for Mr. Jewett; and if the Democratic Party wants them, it must put up good collaterals.

Thus the greatest of all the bar's is yet untapped—the real old original Tilden bar'l. They are wooing the venerable owner in all imaginable sweet and flattering ways; but the dear old gentleman only winks his wandering eye over visits of condolence and other little complimentary picnics; and the bung-hole of his bulging treasury remains firmly plugged.

By the way, we had forgotten the Greenback Party in this little review of the situation. The

Greenbackers are collecting—certainly they are. One of them came into this office yesterday and collected ten cents and a blue postage-stamp. Then he went around the corner and collected nearly a pint of beer out of a keg on the sidewalk, before the saloon-man came out and clubbed him—being a hard-money man.

The campaign is certainly open.

## WORLDLY ABLEPSY.

WE are always glad to merit the approval of our exceedingly E. C. the *World*, and it was, therefore, with great satisfaction that we read the nice things it said about us in its issue of July 10th, although, in the exuberance of its delight at the nomination of General Hancock and in its desire to do us justice, it has a little overdone the business. It says:

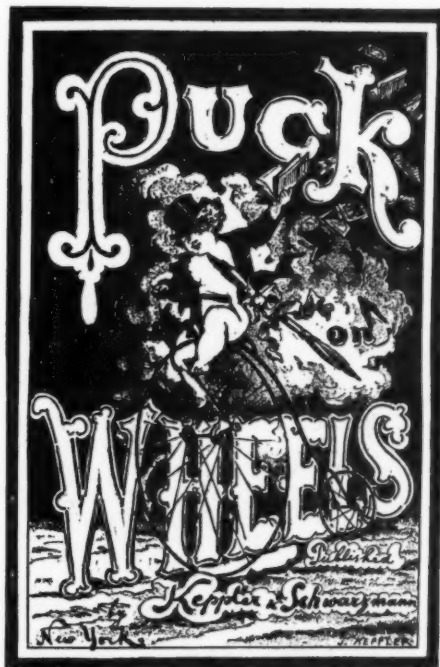
"Upon the day after General Hancock's nomination PUCK published a cartoon of the Democratic candidate standing cool and self-possessed with his arms folded, while a mob of Republican journalists were digging up the mud at his feet, each one madly eager to be the first to get a piece big enough to throw at him. The picture was a warning which these foolish scribes have failed to heed. About the middle of November next they will probably look on PUCK as an inspired preacher."

These remarks are right enough in their way, and are, of course, well meant; but in one or two trifling particulars are not quite exact. General Hancock was nominated on the 24th of June, and PUCK was not published until the 30th, consequently a cartoon of the Democratic nominee did not appear the day after his nomination.

We did not draw General Hancock with his arms folded; nor have we any recollection of representing a mob of Republican journalists digging up mud at the General's feet; and although it is very flattering to be referred to as "an inspired preacher," we do not wish to be misrepresented in our methods of inspiration.

The cartoon of General Hancock depicted that gentleman standing erect, with his hat in his hand, while a great many small Republican editors were examining the furniture of the room in the endeavor to find something to blacken his reputation. Our greatly E. C.'s idea of a mud-throwing cartoon is not a bad one for a daily paper, but we prefer our own treatment of the subject.

## NOW READY:



Price, 25 Cents.

## Puckings.

ELI PERKINS will lecture next winter. Subject: "How to Tie on a Life-Preserver."

IN ST. LOUIS a citizen who happened to be out of town when the census enumerator called around—is looked upon as a hero.

QUIS CUSTODIET IPSOS CUSTODES? — The Trust Company watches the Mining Companies, but who watches the Trust Company?

WE HEAR a good deal too much of "collective notes" from the Porte; but the great trouble is that its notes are not collectable.

A LITTLE BOY has been drowned in a public bath. This comes of the fatal habit of going into the water before having learnt to swim.

COLONEL BOB calls Saint John "the lunatic of Patmos." Wonder if he'd call Nebuck, the grass-eater, the bob-tailed herbivori of Mesopotamia?

BY-AND-BY, when the boys begin to get mad, we wouldn't be surprised if Garfield should be charged with having been in the insurance business.

OUR LEGISLATORS in Albany are very busy discussing "Taxation of Corporations." The corporation that has been most taxed lately is Dr. Tanner's.

The same bucolic old red ant turns up every year in the Dairy and floats around in your bowl of milk, looking for a straw or butter-cracker to raft with.

NOTHING is so toothsome to the cog-wheels of the average laundry as the four-ply collars. Two visitations knock the epidermis; the third and last "doing-up" sends back some artistically gelatinized rags.

THERE is a man in East Haddam, Connecticut, whose memory is so bad that the other day he couldn't for the life of him recollect who it was the Greenbackers nominated at Chicago for tail-piece to the Weaver ticket.

OVER A HUNDRED lives are supposed to have been lost by a recent colliery explosion in England. Mrs. Victoria will probably send, for the relief of the sufferers, a post-office order for three-and-sixpence, an Indian shawl, and a few barrels of sympathy.

WE DO NOT want to excite too sanguine hopes; but we really believe that if our E. C. the *Sun* gives the *New York Nation* much more advertising in the way of gratuitous mention, some reckless man will take it into his head to subscribe to that noble weekly and double its circulation.

TANNER—Hide—Bark (worse than bite)—Skin—Skin-game—Leather (nothing lasts like,)—Grant (U. S.)—Sole (soul)—Sole-leather—Pit (peach-pit, tan-pit,)—French Kid—Hemlock (him-lock,) Vat (that's vat's the matter with Tanner,) etc., etc., etc.—See Dictionary and London *Punch*. Now give us a rest.

IN the country grocery-stores they are now settling the question whether Gen. Hancock ought not to have given Mrs. Surratt a free pass over some one of the ocean steamship lines; also how it could happen if Gen. Garfield didn't borrow the money of De Golyer, that Oakes Ames could have got his name down in that little book of his.



## THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

### THE WIVES OF THE NEXT REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTS.

#### What a Gipsy Woman Prophesied.

#### EARLY LIVES OF THE NEXT MISTRESSES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

#### Their Wonderful Accomplishments.

Their Courage, Nobility, Charity,  
and Generosity.

#### THEIR EXTRAORDINARY POWERS.

#### THEIR MUSICAL TALENT.

#### Equally at Home at the Range, Piano, Wash-Tub or Sewing-Machine.

*Puck's Special Report.*

ALL FOR TEN CENTS.

SINCE the United States set up business on its own account, it has been singularly fortunate in the men it has chosen for its chief magistrates.

Nor has it been less fortunate in the wives of these chief magistrates—that is to say, those who have had wives. From Martha Washington to Mrs. Hayes, one and all have proved an ornament to their sex, by the graceful manner in which they have dispensed the hospitalities of the White House.

How are these remarkable coincidences to be accounted for? Why should the wife of a nominee for President invariably be a woman of women, and a gifted and accomplished creature? It cannot be mere accident; there must be some law to govern the fact, which our limited metaphysical and psychological knowledge has not yet permitted us to grasp.

Until the candidate actually receives the nomination, the brilliancy of his wife is known only to a very limited circle of friends. But it is ready to burst upon the public as soon as the Democratic or Republican Convention, as the case may be, has done its work.

In the truest sense, Presidential nominees' wives are born, not made.

Let us take for instance the remarkable career of the wife of the Republican candidate,

MRS. JAMES A. GARFIELD,

and in it will be found features that are quite as wonderful in their way as anything in the life of the more remarkable women of ancient and modern times, not forgetting Eve, Boadicea, Queen Elizabeth, and Mrs. Tom-ri-jon.

Mrs. Garfield, when less than a year old, exhibited much artistic taste and thirst for knowledge. One fine afternoon she sat down and wrote an epic poem in twenty-two cantos. The name of this poem has escaped our memory—but it is a very good poem for all that. Many competent critics think it far superior to anything that Dante or Milton ever wrote in their best days, when they were grown-up men; and the poem of which we speak, it must be remembered, is the work of a child a little over one year. At the age of five, the future Mrs. Garfield took a walk one day in the woods in the neighborhood of Hiram. She met a Gipsy woman, and, having often heard of the peculiarities of Gipsies, immediately took out of her pocket a \$20 bill and handed it to the dusky wanderer, expressing, at the same time a wish to have her fortune told.

The dark-eyed Zingara, having thanked the little girl for her liberality, said: "My pretty maiden, there are great things in store for you. You will be the wife of a Republican candidate for the Presidency. He will stand six feet in his stockings. He will be broad-shouldered and strongly built. He will have light brown hair and beard, and light blue eyes."

Every word of this remarkable prophecy came true, for Mr. Garfield is just such a man as this Gipsy described.

At fifteen, the subject of our sketch turned her attention to the boiling of potatoes, and such was her extraordinary progress in this beautiful art, that her fame became widespread.

In the records of the Patent office will be found four applications, with accompanying specifications, relating to the boiling of potatoes, filed by this young lady.

The study of languages now engrossed the attention of the lady. At the age of 35 she could speak and write fluently Hindoo, Cherokee, double Dutch, single Dutch, high Dutch, low Dutch, Hebrew, Zulu, Rumtifoolese, North and South Polish, Maori, Javanese, Japanese, Chinese, Cochinese, Fijian, Bohemian and Czech, besides all the ancient and modern tongues of Europe, including English, Irish and Scotch.

The next event of importance in the lady's life was her appointment, although but 61 years old, to the command of a 50-gun frigate. She sailed and fought her ship as if she had been for years in the business. She was soon after made an Admiral, and then turned her attention to military affairs.

Entering West Point at the age of 71, after passing a most brilliant examination, this phenomenal woman, having had her imagination fired by a course of dime novels, resolved to go out on the plains and fight Indians.

She went, and signally defeated every Indian with whom she came in contact. For these startling and unprecedented achievements, Congress unanimously appointed her Queen of the May, and Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall.

The succeeding spring the lady's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love, and when but 74 she married Mr. James A. Garfield.

Their union was an exceedingly happy one: Mrs. Garfield, during the next ten years, giving up her military duties, and taking up, in lieu thereof, the sewing-machine, the washtub and the piano.

She made great progress on the latter instrument, entirely conquering the difficulties of "Pinafore" and "Nancy Lee" before she was 102.

Mrs. Garfield is now 125, and is still a young woman. She is very charitable, and thinks nothing of putting \$1,000,000 in the plate at church. She will prove a worthy successor to any lady who has occupied the White House, perhaps even worthier than Mrs. Hayes, for Mrs. Garfield does not object to wine at state dinners.

Although of an essentially different character from that of Mrs. Garfield, the life of

MRS. HANCOCK,

the wife of the Democratic nominee for President, is still one of the most remarkable in the annals of the world.

Mrs. Hancock did not exhibit the extreme precocity of Mrs. Garfield by writing an epic at the early age of one, but long before she was two she quite understood how to take care of a doll, and astonished all the neighbors for miles around by the consummate ease with which she dressed and undressed the toy-baby, and the motherly care she bestowed on it. At four, the future Democratic candidate for Mistress of the White House accomplished the amazing feat of learning her A B C. In a very short time she could spell CAT and DOG in a style equal to a first-class professor at any of our colleges.

Less than two years more saw our heroine perfectly skillful in the use of the needle, thread and thimble. She hemmed pocket-handkerchiefs in a manner quite on a par with anything done by work-girls or seamstresses who have been brought up to the business.

The future Mrs. Hancock now showed her natural mathematical talents. She rapidly mastered addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, and commenced the study of the abstruse Rule of Three at eleven years.

It is not recorded if she achieved fame and distinction in this branch, but she very likely did. In one respect an episode in the life of this lady bears a strong resemblance to something already mentioned by us regarding Mrs. Garfield.

A Gipsy told the future Mrs. Hancock that she would marry a man who was born to be President of the United States.

Should General Hancock be elected there can then be no question of the correctness of the Gipsy's prophecy. On the other hand, should General Garfield be elected, the truth of Mrs. Garfield's gipsy's prediction cannot be less apparent—while doubts will be necessarily thrown on the reliability of Mrs. Hancock's gipsy, or *vice versa*.

It is a great pity that there should be Republican and Democratic Gipsies fooling around the world; it brings the prediction business into bad odor.

We have not spoken of the incredibly short space of time in which the future Mrs. Hancock acquired the rare art of writing. At the suggestion of some kind friends, she commenced the study, and in less than seven years was able to turn out the prettiest little notes imaginable.

Why this prodigious achievement should have been so long kept from the world, until General Hancock received the nomination for President, is a mystery that it would be useless to attempt to elucidate.

The remaining facts in this lady's career are soon told, and while it will be seen that her deeds have not, like those of Mrs. Garfield, shaken the world to its foundation, they are quite important enough, in a quiet, unobtrusive and domestic way, to set a noble example to the women and children of the universe.

Our heroine taught in Sunday-school, was married, had some children, and learned to play the harmonium.

All young ladies, even if they cannot be wives of Presidents of the United States, should teach in Sunday-school, get married, have children, and learn to play the harmonium; but, above all, they must insist upon a Gipsy getting off some respectable prophecy concerning them, otherwise they'll never have the least chance of becoming mistresses of the White House or achieving fame and distinction.

### THE SITUATION AS DESCRIBED BY AN ENLIGHTENED PRESS.

HANCOCK—is no better than he should be.  
Garfield—is a good deal worse than he ought to be.

English—is several degrees removed from what he might be.

Arthur—is where he ought not to be.

### THE LATEST TICKET OUT.

*And One which, although Caviare to the General, Bids Fair to Become Quite as Popular as Any Other in the Presidential Field.*

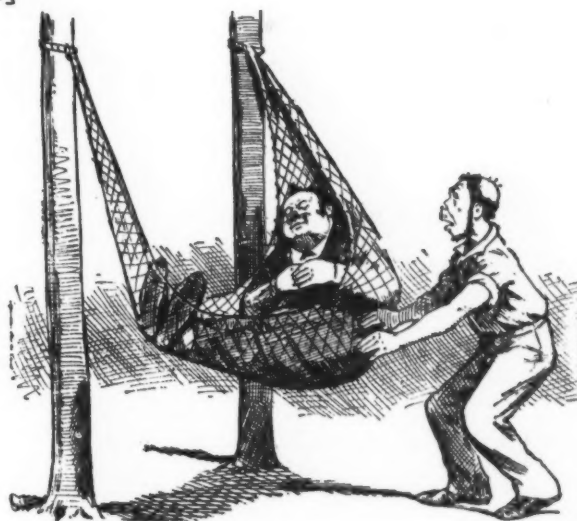
For President:  
GENERAL INDIFFERENCE.

For Vice-President:  
GENERAL APATHY.



## V. HUGO DUSENBURY.—DIVISION AND COLLISION.

[Tennysonian Patent.]



THIS is the tale of Obadiah Boggs,  
Grocer, retired, of Seventh  
Avenue,  
Who owned a modest house in Varick  
Street,  
The product of his wealth—a humble  
brick—  
But quite commodious, and replete  
with all  
Modern improvements. At the back  
there lay  
A little piece of land—a barren plot,  
Save for four trees, in even order  
ranged,  
At the four corners of a fancied  
square.  
This was the garden of the house of  
Boggs.



And hither Obadiah brought one eve  
A hammock, which he swung from tree to tree,  
A pendent web, and calling to his wife,  
His Jane Jemima, spouse of thirty years,  
He said unto her: "As this hammock swings,  
So swing the fortunes of this house, and so  
Waves on the trembling distaff of the Fates  
The thread inscribed with thy name and mine."

And thus he said, and getting in the net,  
Swung at his ease throughout the summer eve.  
The while his spouse, upon a bench of wood,  
Asked: "Is it nice?" or "D'y'e like it, Diah?"  
Whereto he answered, as the coachman, John,  
Propelled him, in obese passivity,  
Through the warm air: "My dear, you bet I do!"  
Nor took the hint, nor ever gat him out.  
Until his lady, being sore perplexed  
"Twixt wifely duty and rebellious rage,  
Took counsel of the latter, and dispatched—  
Having no maiden of her proper use—  
The cook to purchase her a similar  
Mesh of inwoven mesquit grass, and hung it,  
Saying: "If any sign or symbol lie  
In pendulous vibrance of this warp and woof,  
My hammock has as good a show as his,  
To indicate the fortunes of the house."

Therein, urged hither and thither by the arms  
Lusty and vermeil-tinted, of the cook,  
She swung throughout the dewy summer eve.

Thus, till the stars within the azure bowl  
Invert and infinite of the heavens above,  
Sprung out like luminous drops of skyey spilth;  
Until the vagrant cloudlets of the west  
Died in usurping azure; till the moon  
Climbed up the measureless height, and dizzy  
white

Looked down the eternal vistas of dead space—  
Till 27 minutes past 11,  
These twain rocked thus. The coachman, with  
fatigue  
Struck, like a tired pedestrian in a match  
When the sixth day lags on with leaden heels,  
Drooped, and beneath the obsequious voice of  
office

Gasped profane invocations to the gods.  
The cook with weary muscles did her work;  
Her red slow paling to a salmon pink,  
Her pink to white that shamed her baker's  
bread.

But, as 11:27 sharp  
Was marked upon the dial of old time,  
As moved of one quick mind, the servile pair,  
Put their last efforts forth, and, thrusting out,  
Sent those twain hammocks, with the force of  
Fate,

Through the dark air and by opposing ways:  
And Obadiah Boggs and Mrs. B.  
Met, as two worlds whose circling sweeps im-  
pinge.

And then he said, and took her by  
his hand,  
(And sent the cook for Dalley's Pain  
Extractor,  
And John for plaster, so-called of  
the court:)  
"My wife, my life! Oh, let us  
nevermore  
Attempt this game. Henceforth for  
symbolism  
I care not. If the fortunes of this  
house  
Depend upon the swinging of a  
hammock,  
'Tis my opinion, firm and fairly held,  
One hammock is enough to do the  
swinging.  
My wife, my life! Oh, we will walk  
this world

Yoked in all exercise of noble life,  
And no more nonsense. Yea, I love thee, come,  
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me!"  
And now one mighty hammock folds them both.

HOBOKEN, N. Y., July 19th, 1880.

Editor PUCK—Dear Sir:

This is a doleful and a stupid tale,  
Intensely commonplace, and lacking point;  
Its hifalutin parts are out of tone,  
And for the rest, mean nothing. Yet if he,  
The Laureate of England, Alfred Tennyson,  
Had slung these verses in the *Nineteenth Century*,  
They would have brought that venerable duffer  
A good £6 a line. But I, your poet,  
Will only charge them at the usual rates.

Yours very truly,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY, P. P.

NEW YORK, July 20th, 1880.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY—Dear Sir:

We are not the *Nineteenth Century*, and you  
are not A. Tennyson, whom we find, on refer-  
ring to our Commercial Agency books, to be a  
reputable poet, rating A 2. We shall hold the  
sum due you on this poem as guarantee against  
suit by him for infringement of copyright.

Truly yours,

Publishers PUCK.

## CALLED OUT

THE play was good, without a doubt,  
It made a great sensation;  
And so they called the author out,  
To get the approbation.

He came on shrinking, mute and white,  
The picture of a felon,  
And to the public's wild delight  
He dodged a water-melon.

The crowd remarked, "Twas neatly done!"  
And he, the author trembled,  
While four big duck eggs, number one,  
Upon his eye assembled.

He did not give them heed or care,  
Because his brain was loaded;  
But as he bowed, now here, and there,  
The prompter's box exploded!

He took all this as Fortune's whim,  
While with his cuffs he trifled,  
But then a voice did cry to him:  
"The cash-box has been rifled!"

This statement made his smile a leer,  
And he who had been clapped o'er  
By many hands, did disappear,  
Blaspheming, down a trap-door!

CUPID JONES.

## MR. MUGGINS FASTS.

He Prepares Himself for the Political Campaign by Total Abstinence from Food—in his Mind.

## THE DOCTORS BAFFLED.

Dear PUCK:

My silence for the past some time, or so, was not in consequence of my departure from this life, for I am still in existence; but I have been gathering my forces for the Fall campaign—recuperating, you see, and renewing my energies for the fast approaching fray.

Besides that, I have been fasting, in order to reduce my spiritual and corporeal self to a condition commensurate with the requirements of office—I mean my office as the future President of the United States.

Some of my treacherous and detestable enemies may have set afloat the rumor that my nomination by the Oilymargarine Convention was too much for my delicate nerves; but they are liars, every one of them.

I have been fasting—partly from conviction of duty, partly for the sake of economy, partly to bring myself into a proper spiritual frame of mind, and partly because, since Dr. Tanner's introduction of the art of fasting, it has become popular and fashionable.

There was a quite little party of us altogether, and we called ourselves the "Jolly Fasters." There was Phil. McGoozle, Ned Bralligan, Dan MacGonigle, and a couple of others whose names are yet unknown to fame, and so I do not propose to give them space in PUCK, unless they pay for it. Free advertising and puffing of this sort is getting to be too common in most of our metropolitan journals. PUCK is altogether above petty trickery of that sort.

We commenced a week ago last Tuesday morning; so we have been at it for about two weeks, and if you were to see us now you wouldn't know us—we have grown so stout.

Before commencing operations, Ned said we had better sit down to a good breakfast, as, perhaps, we wouldn't get anything more to eat for a week, and so we had better lay in a good supply, Indian fashion.

As beverages were not tabooed, we had a keg

of lager in the room, and several demijohns of other hilarious fluids; and about ten o'clock we filled up with lager. Then we got on very well for an hour, when Phil said he couldn't hold out any longer, he must have a sandwich, and begin over again.

We had six doctors to watch us and see that we did everything square. They objected so strenuously to Phil's having a sandwich that he gave it up; but he kept up a most unreasonable growl till noon, when, by common consent, we all sat down to a light lunch, in which the doctors joined with eminent gusto.

Then we tapped two or three of the demijohns, and in the course of an hour or so the doctors got to arguing as to the merits of their different systems of medicine, and during their wrangling Phil stole out and had a sandwich all by himself, and so he got on very well till supper time.

For supper we had roast beef, duck on toast, mutton chop, salt mackerel and the usual assortment of vegetables, &c. After this frugal meal we had some more beer, when the doctors went at it again. About ten o'clock, while the doctors were arguing by themselves in a corner, we sent out for a little lunch to taper off with and go to bed on, after which we had a night-cap all round, the doctors felt our pulse, looked at our tongues, examined our clothes to see that we had no food concealed in them, and then we all went to bed with our heads and feet out of the windows, while the surging crowds in the street below cheered us to the echo, and then we went to sleep.

The next day went pretty hard with us, and we had to increase our supply of food, and take sandwiches frequently between meals, to enable us to survive. In the course of the day we received many letters—among others the following from our old friend, Mr. Freight-Train:

"Go it, fasters! Snuffles snicks sassingers! Abstinence absorbs absurdity! Take Rush-in baths and drink gin-and-sugar! Beware of the Duke of Coney Island! Food feeds death! Fasting starves death! If man can live 40 days without food, he can live all his lifetime; and if body requires no nourishment, it will live for ever, and never die! Fasting inaugurates new era in Darwinian pathological theory! Doctors know nothing of physiological idiosyncracies! Fate fattens fools! Five times nine are forty-five, and five times ten are fifty.

"GEORGE FREIGHT-TRAIN."

While the doctors were wrangling over this letter, we had a jolly supper to ourselves, and then, after the usual medical examination of our wardrobe, we again retired.

Things went on very much in this way till about the twelfth day out, when some of the doctors objected to our having over six meals a day, with roast beef at every meal, and beer and sandwiches every ten minutes between meals; but we uncorked the Jersey demijohn, and in less than five minutes the M. D.'s were sound asleep on the floor, in corners, anywhere that they happened to fall, and we had things all our own way again.

The next day Dr. Noodle rushed in, after having been allowed to go out and fill himself up with beer, and snapping his fingers in the air, shouted out: "This whole thing's a fraud! It's a regular sell, and I don't want nothing more to do with it!"

We were just regaling ourselves with our usual roast beef and turkey, and it wasn't pleasant to

be disturbed in this manner. So we again uncorked the Jersey demijohn, and things quieted down to their usual even tenor—I would say base—again.

The next day we had another soother from old Freight-Train.

"Fastily descensus averni! Don't sleep! In the new Darwinian era sleep is superfluous! The regenerate body will require neither sleep nor food nor water—nothing but rush-in baths—neither raiment nor money! The rush-in bath double discounts Paracelsus's Elixir Vitæ, on a Collender table, three ball, French game! Evolution evolves events! Why do the doctors writhe and squirm? Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? Well, I should smile!

GEORGE FREIGHT-TRAIN.

The doctors got to wrangling over this letter, and at last came to blows, and ended up by the Homœopaths throwing the Allopaths out of the window. We took advantage of their distraction to order up a splendid dinner, which we enjoyed to our hearts' content.

So far the fast has been a perfect success. The examination of our clothing, by medical experts, has been most searching and thorough. I am satisfied that I could go on fasting in this way for many months without any serious detriment to my physical system. If fasting becomes general and popular, it will make us a rich and prosperous nation. Suppose on an average each family in New York should save \$9.75 only by fasting a single week, that would effect a saving of over \$30,968,325 in hard cash that is hebdomadally expended for beef and poultry and potatoes, etc. By fasting a whole year we could easily pay off the national debt, and have money enough left to send the entire population of the United States to Europe for the summer.

I believe in vigorous and rigid economy; and as soon as I am elected President I shall enforce a national fast, as a measure of thrift; and besides that, it is conducive to health. I feel a hundred times better now than I did before I began my fast. If fasting becomes universal, the doctors will have to take some legitimate means of getting a living. They might try book-canvassing a while, and see how they like it.

And now I am nerved to action for the Presidential campaign. I shall take off my coat and roll up my trousers, and go in for conquest. I am going to take the stump, and you will doubtless hear from me from the outlying country districts in a few days.

Yours abstemiously,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

## THE CULPRIT POETASTER.

Mr. M. O'R. Jarvis, the gentleman upon whom we innocently bestowed a cruel and wholly undeserved publicity, the other day, has succeeded in removing the imputation of poetasterism from his name, by discovering the young man who made free with his signature. He incloses us the following apology from the youth in question, and very good-naturedly asks us to refrain from making certain comments which the occasion naturally suggests. We therefore refrain; but the next practical joker we come across will hear from us more freely.

HAMILTON, July 7th, 1880.

M. O'R. JARVIS, Esq.,—Dear Sir:

I have to apologize for the unwarrantable use I made of your name in writing the letters and verses which appeared in PUCK, purporting to be signed by you.

I deeply regret the annoyance and trouble caused you, and hope that you will consent to receive my excuses therefor.

Yours truly,

W. C. NICHOL.

NOW READY:

PUCK ON WHEELS!

Price, 25 Cents.



## EXTRACTS FROM BEECHER'S RECENT SENSATIONAL SERMON.



"I believe that mens' conduct in this life has a powerful influence on their future."



"My ministry has been one of sympathy."



"I glory in the liberty of man, and I can stand alone, without the aid of other churches."



"They can put me out of the pale of their fellowship, but they cannot put me out of Christ."



"If I am a heretic, I am a heretic after the pattern of the Early Church."



Just how Beecher stands.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



No. CXXXV.  
SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.

Ya-as, the aw time has arwived faw Mrs. Fitznoodle and myself to arwange to go into the country, in ordah to escape the torwid heats of summah.

Of course we shall have to spend some time at Newport. Newport is all verwy well in its way, but I am a little tired of it. Indeed aw don't think we should go at all had not young Lavender Tentpeg, the fellow who is going to be marwied verwy soon, begged and pwayed of Jack Carnegie and me to attend his wedding.

Neithah of us, ye see, could verwy well wefuse. I wasn't desirwous of going the least bit, but as Tentpeg wanted somebody to be pwsent who, as it were, would be a guarwantee of his wespectability, at any wate, I weally felt constwained to accept, as it is scarcely a pwopah thing to snub a fellow's own countryman he-ah, howevah much he may deserve it.

But aittah all there are generwally some pwetty decent people with fai-ah incomes at Newport. So I suppose we shall manage to dwag through a few weeks without gweat wearwiness.

Aw and, a numbah of othah fellows are also verwy anxious faw my pwesence at Newport, in ordah that Pwince Leopold, who is about visiting the place, may weceive pwopah attention and wecognition fwom one who has always been on verwy intimate terms with Victorwia and the membahs of her family.

Leopold was quite a wickety youngstah when first he attwacted my attention. I don't think he will evah set the Wivah Thames on fiah. He

is a meek, mild boy, and, in common with the wemaindah of his bwothahs has not an extensive superiorwity in the mattah of bwains. He cannot do much harm, howevah; but I fail to see that there is any extwaordinarwy necessity faw showing this aw woyal boy any special attention, because aw, poor youngstah, he has done nothing to deserve it; but as he's the son of Victorwia it is but naturwal that some wich and pwetentious Amerwicans should twy verwy hard to capchah an aw pwince faw bwreakfasts, dinnahs and suppahs, with a view of weceiving some weturn faw their hospitality and an *entwée* into the best set when they visit Gweat Bwitain.

Some of them may perwhaps be disappointed, and will wegwet having given the pwince the liquor and elaborwate wepasts, but he may not wegwet having wevelled in them.

Aw there are at Newport, too, several spwigs of nobility; but as I have now lived in this wepublic faw a considerwable perwiod, the fact of this fellows wanderwng about and endeavorwng to impwess the wesidents with their extwaordinarwy bweeding and wefinement, is not especially interestwng nor likely to pwove an attwaction to me or my wife.

Ya-as, we shall endeavor to make the best of our sojourn at Newport and shall aftahwards pwobably visit Sarwatoga and othah places aw.

## RALPH WALDO BRAHMA.

THERE was an old Yankee Agnostic  
Who worked out a subtle Acrostic  
Of a Red Slayer, slain,  
Who essayed to maintain  
The problem in fine as Prognostic.

## AN UNDOUBTED ACCEPTANCE.

His letter was lacking in grace,  
They said, and was paltering and base,  
But he said: "Never mind!  
You can't get behind  
The way it grabs on to the Place."

## LAGER.

POETS have sung sweet lays  
In champagne's praise;  
Have sung strong whiskey's cheer,  
And e'en of beer;  
Have verses writ on ale,  
Both dark and pale;  
And brandy old and strong  
Have put in song.

But Lager they've forgot,  
And sung it not;  
As though it were too small  
For verse at all;  
And so I'm free to say,  
In modest way,  
No drink a man will cheer  
Like Lager-Beer.

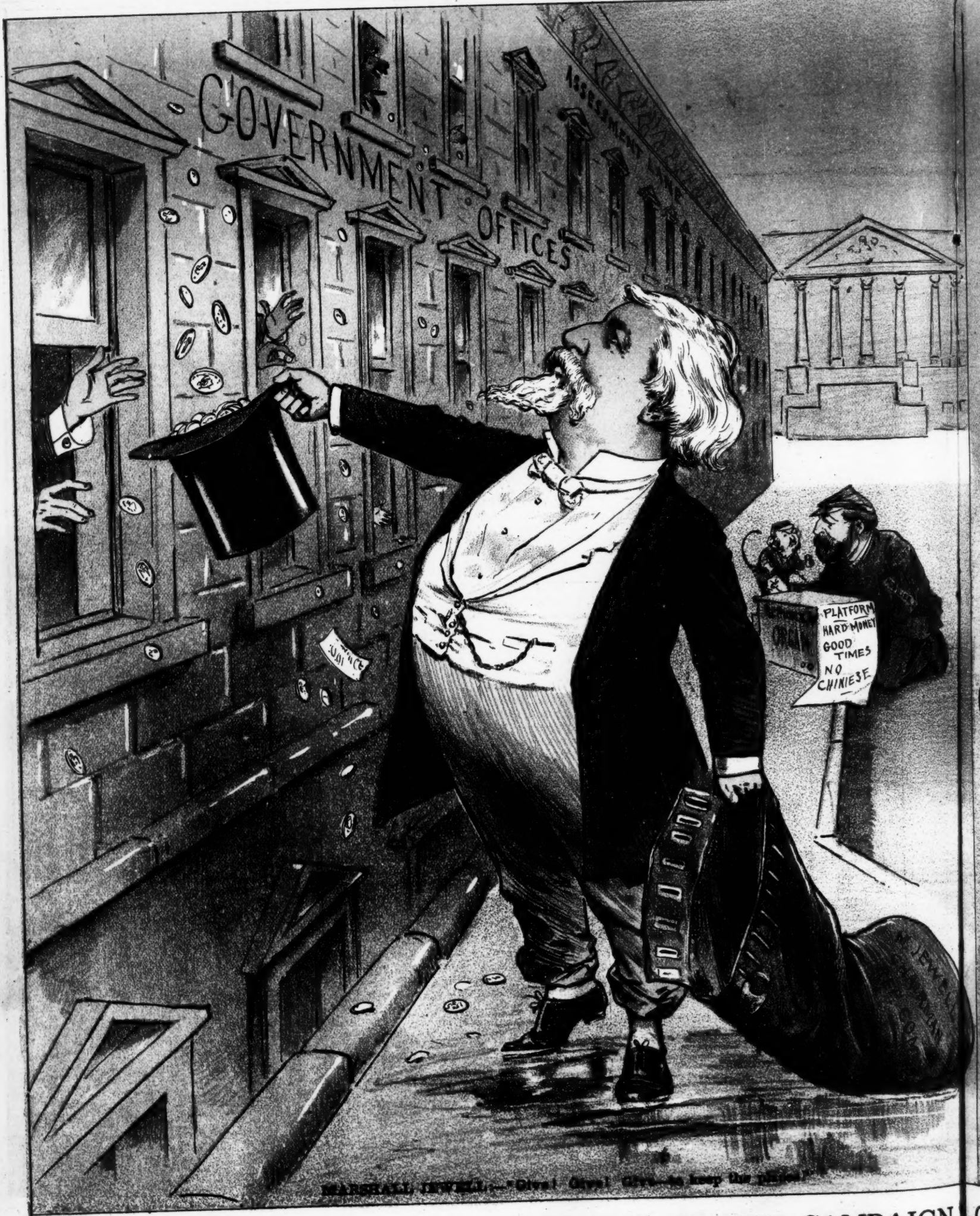
When summer days grow hot,  
It is just what  
Will quench the very worst  
Exacting thirst;  
And e'en when winter's here  
Good Lager-Beer  
Is welcome to your taste,  
And 'neath your waist.

When, underneath the trees,  
The summer breeze  
Across your brow does pass,  
You drain your glass;  
And when to feast you go,  
Though wine may flow,  
Around you quickly peer.  
For Lager-Beer.

By day or by gaslight  
It cheers the sight;  
Band music you'll scarce hear  
Without your Beer;  
Both rich men and the poor  
It does allure,  
For, though it's very nice,  
It's low in price.

And Lager, all allow,  
Ne'er breeds a row;  
Though freely you partake,  
There's no headache;  
You'll never find, I think,  
So good a drink,  
Though you search far and near,  
As Lager-Beer. ARTHUR LOT.





OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN. CO





WILLIAM H. BARNUM — "Good! Good! Give — to get the place!"

GN. COME DOWN WITH THE CASH!



## PUCK'S COMPLAINT BOOK.

## CAPERS OF CAPRICORNUS.



To the Editor of Puck—Sir:

I am hurt—very much hurt. The police regulations of this city are atrocious. I can never take a stroll in the upper part of the city without being attacked by furious billy-goats. Can nothing be done to remedy this state of things?

A WOUNDED CITIZEN.

## MANHATTAN BEACH AGAIN.



To the Editor of Puck—Sir:

The managers of the Manhattan Beach bathing establishments do not seem to understand the wants of the public at all. I weigh 319 lbs., and they try to force me into a bathing-house and suit adapted to a 120 man. Reform is necessary. See to it, Mr. Editor.

Yours, etc.,

DAN LAMBERT.

## UMBRELLA MORALITY.



To the Editor of Puck—Sir:

Can nothing be done with Umbrella Stealers? They pursue me with relentless fury. I never can keep a good umbrella. Where'er I leave it, it is bound to be stolen and a wretched old-battered one substituted.

DESPAIR.

## MR. PRINCE LEOPOLD.

**T**HIS young gentleman, the youngest son of Mrs. Victoria of England, is supposed to be, at the present time, enjoying the hospitalities of the summer residents of Newport, previous to his departure for Europe.

There is certainly no especial reason why he should not be entertained by those of our citizens who have managed to accumulate or get the use of more money than their neighbors; but, on the other hand, there is no special reason why these people should feel called upon to take him in hand.

Mr. Prince Leopold is not a remarkable personage. In many respects his position socially is far inferior to some of the young blue-blooded English sparks who come over here to seek for American girls with more than the average supply of dollars.

Mr. Leopold is not exactly peculiar in never having done a day's work in his life, but he is peculiar in having nothing to call his own, and for his future bread and butter having to rely on the charity of the British people and what his mother and brothers, out of their hard-earned salaries, may choose to dole out to him.

If Mr. Leopold does not capture an American heiress, which, in all probability, he will not do; in the ordinary course of things we may expect to hear of his being engaged to some young woman who has the run of the courts of Europe: and then the British Parliament will be asked to vote the young man an allowance of from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars a year for amusing himself for the remainder of his existence.

The British people are not mean. They don't grumble much at keeping the eldest son of the monarch in idleness; but to ask them to be constantly giving good money away to a round dozen of young men and women who certainly are neither useful nor particularly ornamental, is too much of a good thing.

Mr. Leopold happens to be one of these minor princelets, who, in the course of time, will be a larger pensioner on the British public, and this appears to us the only claim he has to

recognition by the self-constituted representatives of American refinement and fashion at Newport.

Mr. Leopold's wealthy entertainers, who have specially laid themselves out to dine and wine the young man, we cannot believe are actuated solely by the desire to extend hospitality to an English gentleman passing through Newport. They have doubtless certain social axes to grind, and Mr. Prince Leopold is a convenient grindstone.

We do not make these remarks with any desire to belittle the talents or abilities, "if any," of Mr. Prince Leopold; but it is not becoming to American citizens, no matter how many dollars they have succeeded in laying up to make an unconscionable fuss over a young man who, so far as the world at large knows, has not distinguished himself morally, intellectually or physically; and whose only claims to special recognition lie in his being a prespective pensioner on the already heavily taxed British people.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She has a new one this week.

A. AIGH.—It is rather late in the day; but we will communicate with the gentleman.

TISSO, Denver, Col.—You are getting nearer the right thing. Keep on trying, and be brief.

C. J. WILKINSON.—All right. Thanks. We'll settle the plagiaristic youth when he comes round again.

MARINE.—"Who is Hazeltine?" See PUCK's "Dictionary of Coney Island," in PUCK on WHEELS, and then communicate your discovery to your colleagues.

A VETERAN.—We suppose that the document you have sent us is the ground-plan of a cartoon; but we have called in all the experts we know, and none of them has as yet been able to render a satisfactory opinion as to which end should be held uppermost, or what part of the performance is literature, and what part art. The style is somewhat free and untrammelled. When we find out, we'll let you know what we think of it.

## AMUSEMENTS.

To hot weather seems to agree with the METROPOLITAN CONCERT HALL and Mr. Rudolph Aronson and his orchestra, which now plays with much precision.

The MADISON SQUARE Refrigerator, better known as the double-stage theatre, is fast booming up towards 200, the number of performances of "Hazel Kirke." There is no other new feature in the representation.

Haverly's Genuine Colored Minstrels, at NIBLO'S GARDEN, true to their African parentage, act, sing and dance with greater gusto than ever owing to the unusual height of the thermometer. It does not require a great stretch of the imagination for them to imagine they are where their Timbuctoo or Ashantee ancestors flourished.

Wilhelm, his "j" and violin, played their last play on Friday night at KOSTER & BIAL'S. The parting was most affecting—a Fantasia from the opera of "Othello" and a Quartette of Schubert's in D-minor being performed by Mr. "j," with three other musicians, in honor of the occasion. This entirely without prejudice to Mr. Rudolf Bial's regular orchestra.

THE CROOK'S AMATEUR BAND ASSOCIATION gave its fourth public concert at Battery Park on Friday evening last. Mr. George Wiegand, conductor. The programme comprised selections from Meyerbeer, Wallace and Verdi. We are not in the habit of giving much attention to things strictly amateur, but Mr. Wiegand's band does so well that it can scarcely be said to come under this category.

The latest publication of Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is "The Mystery of Allanwold," a novel by Elizabeth Van Loon. It is a work that will afford those readers who enjoy startling situations much satisfaction. Mrs. Van Loon gets her characters in apparently inextricable confusion, and succeeds in extracting them from the muss with great ability.

The Crown Tooth Brushes clean and polish the teeth. Bristles warranted not to come out.



THE young man who has proposed and been neither accepted or rejected knows how exciting it is to live in a doubtful State.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

SUFFERER wants to know what we should do if we had a boil. Can't tell; but the chances are we should swear a good deal and commit assaults on whoever brushed against the sore spot. We're a good deal like other men.—*Boston Post.*

AN Ohio woman jumped from a train going at a rate of twenty miles an hour, and after alighting upon her head was picked up uninjured. This is the first instance on record where a hair mattress worn on the head has acted as a life-preserver.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

THE impudence of some of these advertising men is becoming almost incredible. For instance, we find in a contemporary the following flippant item:

"Bishop Kipp attended the Episcopal Conference yesterday morning, but he did not wear a canvas overcoat inscribed fore and aft with the legend: 'Buy Pott's Purgative Pills.'"—*San Francisco Post.*

THE railroad monopolies don't have it all their own way, after all. A lady in Chicago sued the Central Pacific for \$75 damages for allowing a locomotive to scald all the hair off a valuable dog expressed her from this city. She obtained judgment and collected the money before the company found out that it was a Japanese dog and never had any hair.—*San Francisco Post.*

A TELEGRAM from Milford, Pa., says that "Miss Rosa Paddock, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a wealthy farmer, eloped on Sunday night with Andrew Robbins, her father's hired man." It has, no doubt, been noticed by others as well as by ourself, that every girl who elopes with her father's hired man is "beautiful and accomplished." The fact is that nine out of every ten such wayward daughters have red hair, squint in the off eye, wear freckles and bangs and number six shoes, and can't write their own names without sticking out their tongues two inches.—*Norristown Herald.*

## PUCK ON WHEELS!

Price, 25 Cents.

We hereby inform the public that Blackwell's Fragrant Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco, is the only Genuine Durham Tobacco, and is manufactured only of the very finest and best raw material, selected with great care.

### Singing Pinafore.

A patient had four teeth extracted at Dr. Colton's, in the Cooper Institute, and, on awaking, exclaimed, "Didn't I hear somebody singing 'Pinafore!'" The most delicate and feeble can take the as, as it exhilarates instead of depressing. We have given it to 14,000 patients, at this writing, without an accident. We never supply ether dentists with our gas.

*Greenfield's*

909 BROADWAY, near 20th St.

Delicious Fresh

# CANDIES

sent to any part of the country on receipt of money. One Dollar per pound. Express prepaid.



**A. FRANKFIELD & CO.,**  
JEWELERS.

FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES.  
DIAMONDS & JEWELS.

Corner 14th Street & 6th Ave.

**WEBER,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
GRAND, SQUARE and UPRIGHT  
**PIANOS.**

Prices reasonable. Terms easy.  
WAREROOMS,  
5th Ave. and West 16th St., New York.

**Removed**—**SCHALL & CO.,** Ornamental Confectioners, from 388 Pearl St. to their new building, 62 Barclay St.

MARTIN KEPPLER.  
MINA SCHALL.

### Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations! BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, P. O. Box 1029, 78 John St., N. Y.

## ANGOSTURA LIQUEUR,

The finest and purest sweet Cordial in existence.

Prepared by **Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS,**

The manufacturers of the world renowned

## ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

J. H. HANCOX, Sole Agent, 51 Broadway, N. Y.

## DOCUTA

### CAPSULETS.

Safe and reliable cure for Kidney Complaints, and Diseases of the Urinary Organs. Recent or Chronic. They will cure any recent case in seven days. The word *Docuta* is on every box. Price per box, with full directions, Capsulets (small size) 75 cents. Capsules (large size) \$1.50. At all Drug Stores. Mailed on receipt of price by **DUNDAS DICK & CO.,** 35 Wooster Street, New York. Circulars free.

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The genuine Jules Mumm has a black necklabel bearing the inscription "JULES MUMM & CO., REIMS," in gold letters.  
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Natural  
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For sale in all hotels, clubs, wine rooms and drug stores.  
Shipped in boxes of 50 large bottles to all parts of the country.

MRS. SILLYONE and her gushing daughter have been induced to quit their rural retreat in Alameda, with all its wealth of spiders, mosquitoes and flies, by the rumor that a real live English Lord was traveling incognito, and, at the present moment, staying at the International Hotel, where he passes for a commercial traveler, or drummer, as they are called here. Mrs. S. came out of her shell, rushed to the boat, jumped into a coupé, fled to the International on the wings of maternal solicitude—"such a chance for dear Agnes, you know"—inquired breathlessly of the astounded landlord whether he had an English gentleman stopping in the house, was answered in the affirmative, there being, in reality, a party from Australia stuck up for board and "waiting for remittances," as is the normal state of parties from Australia who domicile at third-rate hotels; flew up the stairs with the rapidity of Edison's new electric motor, rapped triumphantly at the door, seized the astonished Colonial by the hand, pulled him down stairs, banged him into the coupé, paid his bills quicker than a flash, and carried off her prize to a swell hotel, where she engaged gorgeous apartments for him; made the old man come down with the dust with a freedom which caused the ancient gentleman who calls this human skyrocket wife to tremble in his gouty slippers and to perspire profusely, insisted on lending the thunder-struck Australian five hundred dollars, and introduced him to her gushing daughter Agnes all in a breath; and then reposed on her laurels with the delightful satisfaction of having done her duty as a mother. If that lady doesn't catch a British nobleman for a son-in-law, it won't be for want of trying.—*San Francisco News Letter.*



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WHEN Dr. Tanner gets through his forty  
days' fast, he ought to have no difficulty hiring  
out his stomach for a bass drum.—*Phila. Kron-  
ikle-Herald.*

WHEN General Garfield awoke the other  
morning a fly sat on his bed-post humming,  
"Hail to the Chief." This is proof positive  
that Garfield will be elected.—*Phila. Kronikle-  
Herald.*

WHY is it that whiskey straight will make a  
man walk crooked?—*Boston Globe.* Why is it?  
Why, it is because you drink it. Did you never  
think of that? You leave the whiskey in the  
jug, and it will not make you walk crooked.—  
*Norristown Herald.*

UPON the marriage of her daughter the other  
day, a Philadelphia mother remarked that she  
was sure she would quarrel with her son-in-law.  
"But it is all right," she said; "he and I have  
agreed to have no mudslinging during the cam-  
paign."—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

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means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily in  
place of the ordinary Hair Brush. The Brush Handle is made of a new odorless composition resembling  
ebony; a combination of substances producing a permanent electric voltaic current which acts imme-  
diately upon the hair glands and follicles. This power can always be tested by a silver compass  
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**IT IS WARRANTED TO**

- CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE IN FIVE MINUTES!!!**
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- PROMPTLY ARREST PREMATURE GRAYNESS!!!**
- MAKE THE HAIR GROW LONG AND GLOSSY!!!**
- PREVENT FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS!!!**
- CURE ALL DISEASES OF THE SCALP!!!**
- MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED.**

**IT NEVER FAILS TO PRO-  
DUCE A RAPID GROWTH  
of HAIR on BALD HEADS,**

WHERE THE GLANDS and  
FOLLICLES ARE NOT  
TOTALLY DE-  
STROYED.

Proprietors:  
The Pall Mall  
Electric Association  
of London.  
NEW YORK BRANCH:  
842 Broadway.

London, January 4th, 1879.

"The Hon. Mrs. Locke deems it a pleasure  
and duty to state that they have never failed in  
her case, and many other cures have come under  
her observation. She also finds them most beneficial for  
the Hair, it being greatly improved by their use."

Round Lake Camp-Meeting Grounds, Saratoga Co., N. Y., June 8th, 1880.

"Your Brush is certainly a remarkable cure. I am highly pleased with it. Its effect is most wonderful, and you may be sure I  
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Rev. J. D. ROGERS, Superintendent."

[From Rev. DR. BRIDGMAN.]

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"GENTS: I have never before given a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I am so pleased with your Hair  
Brush that I deem it my duty to write you recommending it most cordially. My hair, about a year since, commenced falling out, and I was rapidly  
becoming bald; but since using the Brush a thick growth of Hair, has made its appearance, quite equal to that which I had previous to its falling out.  
I have tried other remedies, but with no success. After this remarkable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great sufferer from headache,  
and she finds it a prompt and infallible remedy.  
A. BRIDGMAN, D. D."

No. 9 Goodwin Street, Bradford, England, December 19th, 1878.

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think you ought to make these things known, for the benefit of others, as I am convinced it is the best Hair Renewer yet put before the public. Yours truly, J. JEWETT."

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It is remarkable how smart a woman is discovered to be after her husband has been nominated for President.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night.*

The difference between oilymargarine and old butter can be told by the smell. One smells worse than the other.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

It is a little singular that a corset has not been invented which will not show itself on the back of a round-shouldered woman.—*Detroit Free Press.*

G. F. T. to General Hancock—Don't shake. Lose magnetism. Office-seeking vampires. Bourbon hearses. Keep hands in pockets. One meal a day.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The Queen of Prussia snores.—*Boston Post.* We delegate the Post man to place a clothespin on her nose.—*New Haven Register.*—We decline to serve as an instructed delegate.—*Boston Post.*

The fashionable age in England, now, is from twenty-four to thirty. Some of the young ladies in this country who have been twenty-four for the last fifteen years had better emigrate.—*Boston Courier.*

GENERAL GARFIELD was a good disciplinarian when in the army. "See here, sir!" he would frequently remark to an untidy soldier, "go right back to your tent and part your back-hair over again."—*Elmira Free Press.*

The T. C. begs to announce that he has on hand an assortment of German Barons, French Counts and English Lords, all warranted as good as the genuine article, and suitable for picnics, tea-fights and lawn-parties. The Germans and French speak charming broken English, and the English speak the true haw-haw dialect so much affected by swells. Terms to suit the times. Apply at the office of the *News Letter*.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

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New York to Liverpool and Queenstown.  
Passengers embark from Pier 40, N. R. N. Y.

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Leaving LEROY STREET ten minutes and PIER No. 6 thirty  
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The steamer D. R. MARTIN leaves foot of Whitehall street at  
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connecting with D. R. Martin for Whitehall street leave hourly  
from 8.20 A. M. to 12.20 P. M., 1.25 to 6.25 P. M., 7.20 to 9.20  
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Leroy st. and 22d st. leave every hour from 11 A. M. to 9.55 P. M.  
GILMORE'S FULL BAND and LEVY every afternoon and  
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THE BEST PICTURES THAT WERE EVER TAKEN.  
Steam Elevator from Street-Door.

It is the hardest thing in the world to find  
a man to run for office in Turkey. The gov-  
ernment has nothing left to steal.—*Hawkeye.*

THE reason De Lancey Kane didn't turn his  
coach into a butcher's cart was that he wanted  
to do the thing naturally, if at all, and hadn't  
the heart to run over six or eight people a day.  
—*Boston Post.*

WE laugh at the folly of a dog trying to run  
away from the can that is tied to its tail. And  
yet, my son, we have known men, wise, learned,  
intelligent men, to travel from the Atlantic  
seaboard half way across the continent trying  
to run away from a bad character. It is very  
foolish in the dog, my son; oh, very foolish.  
Poor dog, he doesn't know any better.—*Hawkeye.*

It is a good thing for Noah that he had the  
only ark afloat in all the universe at the time  
of the flood. If there had been just one more  
ark, there would have been a collision the  
third day out, unless those things were man-  
aged better then than they are now. And  
probably they were not, as it seemed to be  
considered dangerous to send out more than  
one ark at a time.—*Hawkeye.*

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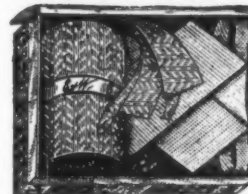
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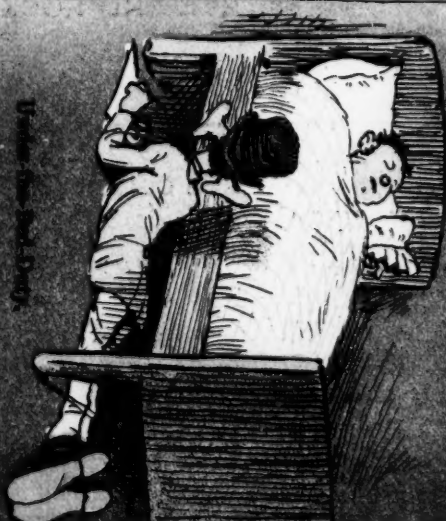
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